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ORIGINAL POETRY.

LINES

TO THE MEMORY OF MAJOR-GENERAL O. M. MITCHEL,
WHO DIED AT BEAUFORT, S. C., OCT. 30, 1862.

BY LIEUT. COL. G. DOUGLAS BREWERTON.

The fever pall hangs o'er the land,
From swamp and dark lagoon;
The chill fog creeps along the strand
And pales the rising moon.

The live oaks braid their arching boughs
With mossy garlands drest,
And darkly 'gainst the star-lit sky
The pine tree rears its crest.

The watch-fires shine upon the shore
Or near the picket's post,
And bayonets gleam along the line
That guards our sleeping host.

But gloom hangs heavy as the night
On every soldier's breast,
For a Chief in silence sleeping,
A spirit gone to rest.

For one who lies with folded arms,
And still, unheating heart,
Who gloried in life's conflict,
And bravely bore his part.

Whose busy, thinking brain had planned
Great deeds for days to come,
Whose sword hath fallen from his hand,
Whose earnest lips are dumb.

To his high home beyond the stars,
No battle open'd the way;
He bowed beneath the fever breath,
As fades the ebbing day.

Yet even as the sun goes down
In glorious pomp arrayed,
His latest hours proved brightest,
His soul was undimmed.

For calmly as the flowers close,
He yielded up his breath;
All honor to the steadfast heart
That triumphed e'en in death.

Well might the watchers by his bed,
Gaze on their chief with awe,
For e'en his pallid, changing face,
An angel glory wore,

As, pointing upward to the sky,
He lifts his falling hand,
And breathes a Christian's legacy
To his loved household band;

A wealth of faith and hope and joy
More precious far than gold,—
"Serve God with all sincerity,
In love each other hold."

"I've tried to live a christian life,
And now my course is run;
The conflict of that life is o'er,
Its battle fought and won."

Then deem his death as noble
As on the battle field,
For he fell in Gospel armor
A soldier on his shield.

The eyes that loved to read the stars
Have closed upon their light,
To open, if our faith fail not,
Where God's own stars are bright.

His upright life, his soldier fame,
Are memories of the past;
His hero words, his very name,
Are still a trumpet blast.

Last Words of Gen. Mitchel.

Our General has fallen at his post. Our Chief sleeps beneath the sod; the rest which knows no waking till the last trumpet call. This Department has suffered a loss which cannot be repaired. The country must regard his death as a National calamity. Science mourns an eminent scholar—the Army a soldier—the people a patriot who lived not for himself but for the Government he loved. Nor will the North be less proud of their christian soldier when she learns his dying declarations, as we have recorded them from the lips of his attendant physician and friend who can give testimony to the triumphant nature of a final scene which amply realized the truth that "Death is swallowed up in victory." He tells us that General Mitchel pointed his finger heavenward, and declared that he had endeavored to live a Christian life and finished his course with joy. The last words of the will, dictated a few hours before his departing, mingle the spirit of a devoted christian with the fondness of a parent, for he admonishes his children thus: "Serve God sincerely and each other fondly, are the last words of your dying father."

How precious a legacy to his loved ones—more enduring than silver or gold. How glorious a close to a long life spent in child-like communion with his God.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE SOUTH,
Hilton Head, Port Royal, S. C., Nov. 1, 1862.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 47.]
The 10th Army Corps will learn with regret of the death of its commander, Major-General O. M. MITCHEL, who departed this life at 6.30 o'clock, on the evening of the 30th of October, 1862, at Beaufort, S. C.

Major-General O. M. MITCHEL was a graduate of the Military Academy, West Point, 1839, but retired from the Army after a short period of service, until the danger of his country again called him to arms, at the outbreak of the present rebellion. And in the West, where he commanded a Division of our Army, as Brigadier-General of Volunteers, he proved himself to be a gallant and efficient commander.

Brief as was his career in the Department of the South, yet had he, already, won the esteem and regard of all, by his energy and activity, in directing the movements of the Corps, against the adjoining rebels, and the firmness and tempered justice with which he conducted the administrative duties of the Department.

He died with the calm fortitude of a believing Christian, and while we lament the death of a gallant soldier, and a kind friend, let us endeavor to emulate the virtues and soldierly qualities of our late Commander.

As an appropriate tribute of respect to his memory, on the day following the receipt of this order at every Military Post of this Department, thirteen minute guns will be fired, commencing at Meridian. The flag of the Union will be displayed at half mast from that hour to sunset on the same day, and for thirty days the prescribed badge of mourning will be worn by the officers of the 10th Army Corps.

J. M. BRANNAN,
Brig. Gen. Commanding.

THE POCOTALIGO EXPEDITION.

Official Report of Brig. Gen. J. M. Brannan.

HEADQUARTERS, EXPEDITIONARY FORCES,
U. S. TRANSPORT, BEN DEFORD, OCT. 24TH, 1862.
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL W. P. PRENTICE,
ASSISTANT-ADJUTANT-GENERAL,
Department of the South, Hilton Head, S. C.

COLONEL:—In accordance with instructions received from Headquarters Department of the South, I assumed command of the following forces,

ordered to destroy the railroad and railroad bridges on the "Charleston and Savannah line."	
A portion of the 1st Brigade, (Brannans') Col. J. L. Chatfield, 8th Conn. Vols., Commanding.	2000
effective strength,.....	
A portion of the 2d Brigade, Brigadier General Alfred H. Terry, Commanding.	1410
effective strength,.....	
Detachment of the 3d Regiment, R. I. Vols., Col. N. W. Brown, Commanding.	300
effective strength,.....	
Detachment of the 48th New York S. Vols., Col. Wm. Barton, Commanding.	300
effective strength,.....	
Detachment of the 1st Massachusetts Cav., Capt. L. Richmond, Commanding.	108
effective strength,.....	
Section of the U. S. Artillery, Lieut. G. V. Henry, Commanding.	40
effective strength,.....	
Section of the 3d U. S. Artillery, Lieut. E. Gettings, Commanding.	40
effective strength,.....	
Detachment of the New York Vol. Engineers, Lieut. Col. J. F. Hall, Commanding.	250
effective strength,.....	
Total effective strength,.....	4448

With this command I left Hilton Head, S. C. on the evening of the 21st of October, 1862, and proceeding up Broad river, arrived off Pocotaligo Creek at half (1/2) past four (4) A. M., with the transport *Ben Deford* and gun-boat *Paul Jones*. Colonel William Barton, 48th Regt. N. Y. S. Vols., 50 men, Vol Engineer Corps, and 50 men 3d R. I. Vol., in accordance with my orders delivered early that morning—proceeded direct to the Coosahatchie river, to destroy the railroad, and railroad bridges in that vicinity. The other gun-boats and transports, did not all arrive until about 8 A. M., October 22d, 1862. I immediately effected a landing of my Artillery and Infantry, at Mackey's Point, on the junction of Pocotaligo and Tillery rivers. I advanced, without delay in the direction of Pocotaligo bridge sending back the transports *Flora* and *Darlington*, to Port Royal Island, for the cavalry.

The 1st Brigade being in advance, with a Section of 1st U. S. Artillery, followed by the 2d Brigade with Col. Brown, commanding section of 3d U. S. Artillery and 3 boat howitzers, which Capt. Steedman, commanding the Naval forces, kindly furnished for this occasion, and a Detachment of 45 men, from the 3d R. I. Vol. Artillery, under Capt. Comstock of that Regiment. On advancing about 5 1/2 miles and debouching upon an open, rolling country, the rebels opened upon us with a field battery from a position on the plantation known as "Castons." I immediately caused the 1st Brigade to deploy and bringing my Artillery to the front drove the rebels from this position. They, however, destroyed all small bridges in the vicinity, causing much delay in my advance. These with the aid of the Engineer corps, were reconstructed as we advanced, and I followed up the retreat of the rebels with all haste practicable.

I had advanced about 1 1/2 miles further, when a battery again opened on us from a position on the plantation called "Frampton." The rebels here had every advantage of ground, being encamped in a wood, with a deep swamp in front, passable only by a narrow causeway, on which the bridge had been destroyed, while, on our side of the swamp, and along the entire front and flanks of the enemy, (extending to the swamps) was an impervious thicket intersected by a deep water ditch, and passable only by a narrow road. Into this wood, the rebels threw a most terrific fire of grape, shot, shell, canister and musket balls, killing and wounding great numbers of my command.

Here the ammunition for the field pieces fell short, and though the Infantry acted with great courage and determination, they were twice driven out of the woods, with great slaughter, by the overwhelming fire of the enemy, whose missiles tore through the woods like hail. I had warily responded to this fire with the Sections of 1st and 3d U. S. Artillery and the boat howitzers, until finding my ammunition about to fail, and seeing that a flank movement was impossible, I pressed the 1st Brigade forward through the thicket, to the verge of the swamp, and sent the Section of 1st U. S. Artillery well supported to the causeway, on the further side of the wood, leaving the 2d Brigade, with Col. Brown's command, the Section of the 3d U. S. Artillery, and the boat howitzers, as a line